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the condition of clairvoyance, which
fall into disrepute through the
discovery of certain scoundrels, but
which can easily be shown to be an
undoubted fact. I have been able myself
to make a sensitive subject, to obtain an
accurate description of what was going
on in another room or another house,
and on such knowledge be accounted
for any hypothesis save that that
of the subject has left the body
and is wandering through the
ether. For a moment it re-
turns to the voice of the operator
says what it has seen, and then
its way once more through the
ether. Since the spirit is by its very
nature invisible, we cannot see these
things and goings, but we see their
effects in the body of the subject, now
active and alert, now struggling to nat-
ural impressions which could never have
come to it by natural means. There is in
this one way which I can see by
the fact can be demonstrated.
Though we in the flesh are
able to see these spirits, yet
these spirits could we separate
from the body, could be con-
sidered the presence of other

The applause was renewed at this speech, and the audience settled down in expectant silence. With a few rapid passes the Professor mesmerized the young man, who sank back in his chair, pale and rigid. He then took a bright globe of glass from his pocket, and, by concentrating his gaze upon it and making a strong, mental effort, he succeeded in throwing himself into the same condition. He then raised an impressive sight to see the old man and the young sitting together in the same cataleptic condition. Whether, then, had their souls died? That was the question which presented itself to each and every one of the spectators.

Five minutes passed, and then ten, and then fifteen, and then fifteen more, while the Professor and his pupil sat stiff and stark upon the platform. During that time not a sound was heard from the assembled savants, but every eye was bent upon the two pale faces in search of the first signs of returning consciousness. At last, the old man's eyelids were seen to flutter, and he was regarded. A faint blush came back to the cheeks of Professor von Baumgarten. The soul was coming back once more.

to verity of Keimplatz. They had still more to whisper about afterword, for the learned man cracked the keller's crown and kissed the barmaid behind the kitchen door.

"Gentlemen," said the Professor, standing up, albeit somewhat tottering-ly, at the end of the table, and balancing his high, old-fashioned wine-glass in his bony hand, "I must now explain to you what is the cause of this festivity."

"Hear! hear!" roared the students, hammering their beer-glasses against the table. "A speech, a speech! Silence for a speech!"

"The fact is, my friends," said the Professor, heaving through his spectacles, "I hope very soon to be married."

"Married!" cried a student, bolder than the others. "Is Madame dead, then?"

"Madame who?"

"Why, Madame von Baumgarten, of course."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Professor. "I can see, then, that you know all about my former difficulties. No, she is not dead, but I have reason to be-

"No, and I don't intend to either,"
von Hartmann said with decision.
"You ought to be ashamed of your
self. Why don't you go and fetch my
cappie, and help your mother to dish
the dinner?"
"And is it for this," Elise cried,
burying her face in her handkerchief—
"is it for this that I have loved you
passionately for upwards of ten months?
is it for this that I have braved my
mother's wrath? Oh, you have broken
my heart, I am sure you have!" and
she sobbed hysterically.
"I can't stand much more of this,"
roared Von Hartmann furiously. "What
the deuce does the girl mean? What
did I do ten months ago which inspired

amusement loosened when the student, springing to his feet, burst into the song, "cry, and the two performed a sort of *pas de deux* in the middle of the roars of gasp. For some time after that people had some suspicion of the sanity of both actors in this strange episode. When the Professor published his experiences in the *Medical Record*, as he had promised, he was met by an intimation, even from his colleagues, that he would do well to have his mind cared for, and that another such publication would certainly consign him to a mad-house. The student also found by experience that it was wisest to be silent about the matter.

When the worthy lecturer returned

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